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H***** (samuel)
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SOCIETAS
OSTREARIA.

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VIRO ILLUSTRISSIMO
JOHANNI B * * * * *

Armigero,

ÆDIBUS CAUSIDICORUM APUD LONDINENSES

ALIQUANDO INCOLÆ:

ET

INTER FORTES PATRIÆ DEFENSORES

HORA PERICLI SPONTE SURGENTES

GENEROSISSIMO QUONDAM MILITI:

NUNC TEMPORIS

IN VICO HAMPTONENSIS, COMMORATORI,

ET DIGNO ET PERHONORABILI:

NECNON

OSTREARIÆ IN EODEM VICO SOCIETATIS

SOCIO, FUNDATORI, PARENTI:

CUJUS OB SCIENTIAM IN OSTREIS DISSECANDIS,

OB AMOREM IN AMICOS SINGULAREM,

OB EXIMIAM DENIQUE CONVIVIIS ADORNANDIS CONCINNITATEM,

HOC POEMA,

ARCANA SUPRADICTÆ COMMUNITATIS REFERENS,

SUMMA FIDELITATE, SUMMAQUE BENEVOLENTIA

DAT,

DICAT,

DEDICAT,

SAMUEL H * * * * *

O. S. H. S. C. et (cum Privilegiò) P.

ALPHABETICALLY

JOHANNI B. ...

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SOCIETAS OSTREARIA.

DICERE quid prohibet sublimi, Hamptonia, voce
Et laudes, famamque tuam, et memorabile nomen?
Quamvis nec Simois rapidè tua littora manet,
Nec Tiberis præceps; hic Trojugenas ope, Trojam
Ipsam ille, optimâ, et omni vitæ munere donans;
En tamen in Laudatos, te, tua fata vocârunt!
Et primus fluviorum non tibi fluxit inanis.
Si Romæ eloquium cedas, si prælia Trojæ,
Sunt tibi Piscatores, sunt quoque Pesci-voraces;
Oblongi sunt currus, fluctivagique Phaseli;
Omnibus, hi revehunt epulas ex urbe paratas,
Pisces, Pisciculos, Capitones, Ostrea, Squillas.

Optato, Ostrea, adestis! nam mihi mente refertis
Quid fecit Fundator, quid pater ille bonorum

Cui

Bellua Cui nomen ~~fama~~,* — verum natura benigna;
 Gaudet enim ludis casta cum mente peractis.
 Ille vocat comites, et præcipit esse beatis:
 Accipiunt illi, accedunt vultuque faceto.

Dic, Musa, in paucis, quot sunt, quantique sodales!
 Chirurghi, Nuptæ, Innuptæ, Bos atque Sacerdos:
 Nonnullæ illustri (ni fallor) sanguine natæ;
 Ingenui omnes, et grati, cupidique placendi.

Nunc leges bene præscriptas audite! tacete!

- I. "Septima conjungat socios mox vespers hora!"
- II. "Quisquis abest octavâ, multas haud mora solvat;
 "Multas pauperibus jussas prodesse futuro:
 "Sed, causâ ægroti, Medicis hora altera danda."
- III. "Ad decimam, campanæ tempore, cœna paretur."
- IV. "Nil patinis fumabit, ni ostrea, pomaque terræ."
- V. "Si novus, aut nova, vult admitti, — sorte legatur!
 "Ac, uno obstante, ah! — tum sors in pulvere lapsa est."
- VI. "Pluris quam solidis ne quisquam ludere speret;
 "Nec sexagintis obolis deponere pignus."

* B.....



Eminus

Eminus en radiant tædæ ! concurritur ! omni
 Vel mensas latrunculorum, ex parte videres,
 Aut illas, facile quæis possis ludere chartis.
 Commiscent, abscindunt, distribuunt, resupinat.
 Felix qui potuit chartas acquirere pictas!
 (Nam hactenus in nostris animis regalia prosunt,
 Et nigris oculis* monades nigræ anteferendæ.)
 Ter felix qui, octo numerans, tres sumet honores.
 “ En senionem ! ” (proximus,) “ heptadem ! ” (et altera,) “ regem †
 “ Occidit ! ” (exclamat Gallus : †) “ mea dextra peremit ? —
 “ Væ mihi ! qui cervicem, illæso rege, dedissem ! ”

Distribuunt iterum : — novem hic, octoque ille, notavit.
 Quis madidos oculos jam nunc perscribere possit ?
 Quis tremulas palmas ? aut quis dubitantia corda ?
 “ Heus ! unumne potes ? ” — “ Dixtin' mi ? ” — “ Unumne ? ” —
 “ Negatur.”
 Protinus, adversi gaudentes hos superâssent,
 (Ne nimis^{um} fidant !) fatalis omissio mutat :
 Trifolia et rhombi extremum damnantur ad orcum.

* A gentleman, formerly well-known in the neighbourhood, was once heard to say, that he had rather see “ the black aces ” than the finest black eyes in the kingdom.

† An emigré attached to his sovereign, and much respected among those with whom he has taken refuge.

gred-

Prohibetur tempestas; tintinnabula pulsant:
 Amotis mensis subeunt aliæ, et meliores:
 Concurrunt omnes, et se recto ordine ponunt.
 In medio exoritur pulcher cadus ostrea portans;
 Desuper, enervi stomacho, decocta locantur;
 Dum bovis, aut agnæ fragmentum, cernitur infra;
 (Hesterno tostum, ne sacris legibus obstet.)
 Vescuntur modice, nam illis non prandia desunt;
 Nec vino indulgent, ut sint sibi somnia blanda.
 Gaudentes nunc, nec tamen immemoresque futuri,
 Consurgunt (nam quid pluris mortalia possunt?)
 Ire domum; ni forte pater vel scriba celebret
 "Ter-octo Citharædos," aut "Vaccam atque Johānnem."

— Hi ludi, hæ festæ, hæc sunt gaudia semper amœna.
 Longo permaneant! longoque nitore virescant,
 Si placeat superis, etiam dum vita manebit!



ANGLICE REDDITUM.

"Atqui ego cum Latios facerem, natus mare citra,

"Versiculos, retuit me tali voce Britannus."

HOR. lib. i. sat. x. ver. 31.

Write no more Latin, I beseech you. —

Learn better manners, or I'll teach you.

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF
COUNTY OF
SHERBORN
MASSACHUSETTS

NOTICE

TO THE
CREDITORS OF
THE ESTATE OF
JAMES M. BROWN
DECEASED
ADMINISTRATOR
OF THE ESTATE OF
JAMES M. BROWN
DECEASED
ADMINISTRATOR

11

TO THE
MILD BENEVOLENCE,
THE
ENDEARING CANDOUR,
AND
AMIABLE DISPOSITIONS,
OF THE
LADY-MEMBERS OF THE OYSTER-CLUB,
BY WHOSE SMILES IT HAS FLOURISHED,
BY WHOSE FOSTERING CARE IT CAN ALONE CONTINUE
TO EXIST,
THE TRANSLATOR
FLIES ON "TREMBLING PINIONS,"
AND SEEKS FOR SHELTER.

Oh! protect him! and he's safe.

TO THE

MILD BENEVOLENCE

THE

ENDURING CANDOUR

AND

AMABLE DISPOSITIONS

OF THE

LADY-MEMBERS OF THE OYSTER-CLUB

BY WHOM BIRTH IS DISCOVERED

BY WHOM FORTUNE IS TAKEN IT CAN BECOME CONTINUED

TO BE

THE TRAITOR

BY THE "THE MERE FORTUNE"

AND HERE FOR CHIEF

=====

BY THE "THE MERE FORTUNE"

THE HAMPTON OYSTER-CLUB.

THY praises, *Hampton*, yet unsung,
To thee no bard his lyre has strung ;
Yet what forbids, in humble lay,
To call thy merits into day ?
Be Simois to thy banks deny'd,
Or headlong Tiber's foaming tide,
(That to the Trojan plains confin'd,
For Troy's descendants this design'd ;
Each with appropriate blessings flowing,
And Nature's kindest gifts bestowing,
Thee thy own Thames shall nobly dare
With proudest cities to compare.
Let Phrygia vaunt her warlike race,
Or Rome display eloquial grace,

Second

Second to her as politician,
 Thou yet may boast thy bridge sublician.*
 Thy list of worthies bring to view,
 Thy fishers, — and fish-eaters too !
 Thy long stage-coaches, boats for pleasure,
 Boats to fish or waft thy treasure ;
 To bring from London's famous town
 The choicest of her dainties down.
 Fish for the epicure, who crimps
 His scate or cod, fat turbot, shrimps,
 And (food for palace or for cloister)
 The charming luscious Milton Oyster.

Oyster, I thank thee ! to my mind
 Well dost thou trace remembrance kind
 Of what we owe to our great founder,
 The father of his neighbours round here.
 Though fierce by name, yet mild by nature,
 Belov'd of ev'ry human creature ;
 Indulging in those pure delights,
 Where innocence with mirth unites.
 He call'd his friends : — invok'd, they come,
 And leave all brooding cares at home.

* The first bridge built over the Tiber was composed of piles driven into the river, like that at Hampton-Court, and was called the "*Pons sublicius*."

Behold

Behold them in their proper places,
With merry hearts and smiling faces.

Sing, then, my muse, with titles due,
Enumerate the jovial crew.

Young men and maidens, husbands, wives;
Misses of chaste and spotless lives;
Skill'd surgeons and apothecaries,
Club-stationers and secretaries;
Templars, brave volunteers, and dilettant';
With members of the church not militant.
Ingenuous all, of native ease,
Born to delight, and skill'd to please.
Full well they merit future fame,
Recite them, therefore, Muse, by name,

First B*****, father of the feast,
Host benign to many a guest;
Next N**** stout, recruiter jolly,
Sworn foe to spleen and melancholy;
With G*****, now strong and hearty;
(Dubb'd prime physician to the party;)
Each firm connected with the other,
In bus'ness, and in wedlock, brother.
Their *consorts*, too, redoubted whisters,
And doubly-matrimonial sisters.

The

The B*****, patrons of the muses,
 Her stern relentless fate refuses;
 And clogs us with this one alloy,
 To shew how frail is human joy.
 Kind P***** and his pleasant wife;
 Miss W***, attach'd to single life.
 Behold F***** enjoy the joke
 Of Sister N***** in her cloak!*
 See H*****, leaving birch and Latin,
 In peace and plenty hopes to fatten;
 His verses on the club he foisters,
 Or plays at whist, or opens oysters.
 His wife, with some reluctance come,
 Her darling infants left at home.
 The T***** last, (not least respected,)
 Unless indeed in this detected,
 They stole our hearts in chat and play,
 And now they steal *themselves* away.

Attend the laws, and be not vex'd,
 At pains and penalties annex'd!

* The joke was, it was *not* Sister N*****'s cloak, but a long cloth one reaching down to her heels, in which (with much good humour) she made her entré to the company on the night the translation was first read; and these lines were an impromptu on the occasion.

- I. " At seven, let all assemble strait!"
- II. " Let ev'ry absentee at eight
" Be fin'd, and thus assist the poor.
" *Mem.* Give the doctors one hour more!"
- III. " Let supper strict at ten await us."
- IV. " Nought hot but oysters and potatoes."
- V. " By ballot try each candidate,
" And let one black ball fix his fate."
- VI. " At whist, let none exceed a shilling,
" Nor half-crown bet, however willing."

The candles blaze ; the club is met ;
 In proper form the tables set.
 Here scientific chess delights ;
 There whist, with rival charms, invites.
 They mix the cards, then cut 'em plump,
 And, dealing round, turn up the trump.
 Happy the man, to whom kind fate
 Brings kings and queens in regal state!
 For, kings and queens, and courtiers too,
 With gamesters still have honour due.
 E'en democrats, so fierce or finical,
 At cards, are rarely jacobinical.
 And some (oh shame!) prefer black aces*
 To blackest eyes in pretty faces.

* See the note, page 7, on "nigris oculis."

Thrice happy he, when eight is scor'd,
 Who spreads three honours on the board!
 " I lead the six," the first begins;
 The second plays the seven, and wins;
 Third hand puts up the king. — " He dies!"
 With eager haste the abbé cries.*
 Then, self-corrected, — " What! by my hand!
 " I kill the king!! — Forgive me, B****;
 " For, well thou know'st, nor thou alone,
 " To save his life, I'd lose my own."
 They're eight and nine. Again they deal:
 What agony both parties feel!
 Who can the glist'ning eye impart?
 The trembling hand, the doubtful heart?
 " Eh! can you one?" — " D'you speak to me?"
 " Yes: can you one?" — " I can't, you see."
 Pleas'd, their opponents (who can blame?)
 Lead through the trump, and win the game.
 Win, did I say? — They miss the goal;
 One sad revoke o'erturns the whole.
 " Who ever saw so strange a trick?
 " You're surely influenc'd by Old Nick."
 And then, in terms not over civil,
 Hurls clubs and di'monds to the devil.

* See the note on " Gallus," page 7.

Time passes on ; the clock strikes ten :
 And now they change the scene again.
 The cards remov'd, see, in their stead,
 Other and better tables spread.
 All throng around ; and, after grace,
 Arrange themselves in proper place,
 Lo ! from the middle of the table,
 At once correct and creditable,
 Up rises barrel, trim and tight,
 Brim full of oysters, fresh from Wright.
 At top, with sav'ry sauce, a few
 For tender stomachs, in a stew.
 Of beef or lamb, whichever thought on,
 Some comely joint bedecks the bottom,
 (Joint dress'd at morn or previous day,
 The laws and orders to obey.)
 Of this decorous preparation
 They all partake with moderation ;
 (For, if you credit babbling fame,
 They all had din'd before they came ;)
 And, cautious, quaff the purple stream,
 Fearful to check the grateful dream.
 Then, full of joy, and free from sorrow,
 Yet warn'd by the approach of morrow,
 They rise : (for, what can mortals do more ?)
 Unless, indeed, in high good humour,

The

The stationer or secretary
Chaunt forth, as 'twere involuntary,
“ Twenty-four fiddlers in a row,”
Or Dibdin's “ Jacky and the Cow.”

These pleasures, *Hampton*, canst thou give?
Still with thee I'll hope to live.
Still present on thy festive nights,
Partaker of thy social rites.
And, oh! propitious heav'n! declare
Acceptance of thy suppliant's pray'r:
“ Long may they flourish, chaste and true!
“ Increasing still, still ever new!
“ May fresh delights exceed the past,
“ And roll along while time shall last!”



